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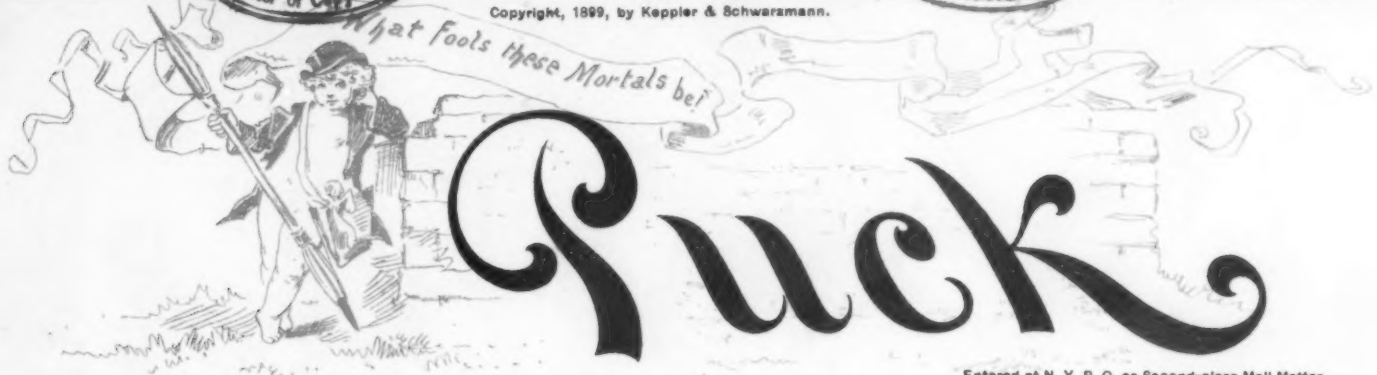
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Puck

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WILL SHE BE RESCUED?



THE AGE OF WIND.

"Mars, I watch affairs on earth very closely," began the exalted Pluto, as he fanned himself with a section of halo in the midst of the great hereafter; "and I have become of the opinion that you are losing vigor. Everything warlike, from pugilism and the Spanish wars up to the general war-cloud that you have had hanging over Europe for the last forty years, ends about the same way."

"That is true," replied the illustrious god of war; "but, the fact is, I have sold out my whole business to Æolus."

NATIONAL GREATNESS.

BENNET.—Do you think we will have space enough at the Paris Exposition?

NEARPASS—Yes; I think so. Of course we can't expect to look as big as we feel!

IN BERLIN.

FIRST CITIZEN.—If I should say the Kaiser is a fool—

SECOND CITIZEN.—He might prove it by sending you to jail.

HIS OPINION.

JONES.—What form of government should we give the Philippines?

WHEELER.—I don't know;—but they ought to have good roads.

A SHRINKAGE.

"The Populists are opposed to expansion."

"Well, their vote shows that they have n't expanded."

AN "OPEN DOOR" is good for the folks on both sides of it.



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HE MARVELS A LITTLE.

"It is wonderful," observed the old snail to the young snail, "how much ground you can cover if you only keep moving."

FINIS.

She had rejected him.

"And is this the end?" he sadly inquired.

"It is," answered the literary maiden; "and there will be no sequel, either!"

HIS VIEW.

"And now," said his friend, "that we have the Philippines, the question is what will we do with them."

"Nonsense!" said the Expansionist. "The question is what will we annex next."

ITS STATUS.

"The Chinese navy is practically worthless, is n't it?"

"Yes. The Chinese navy may be described as 'old junk.'"

EVIDENTLY.

FIRST CITIZEN.—The taxes on beer and liquors make a surprisingly large part of our revenue.

SECOND CITIZEN.—Yes, indeed! It is hard to see how we could expand if we did n't drink.



W. H. C. C.

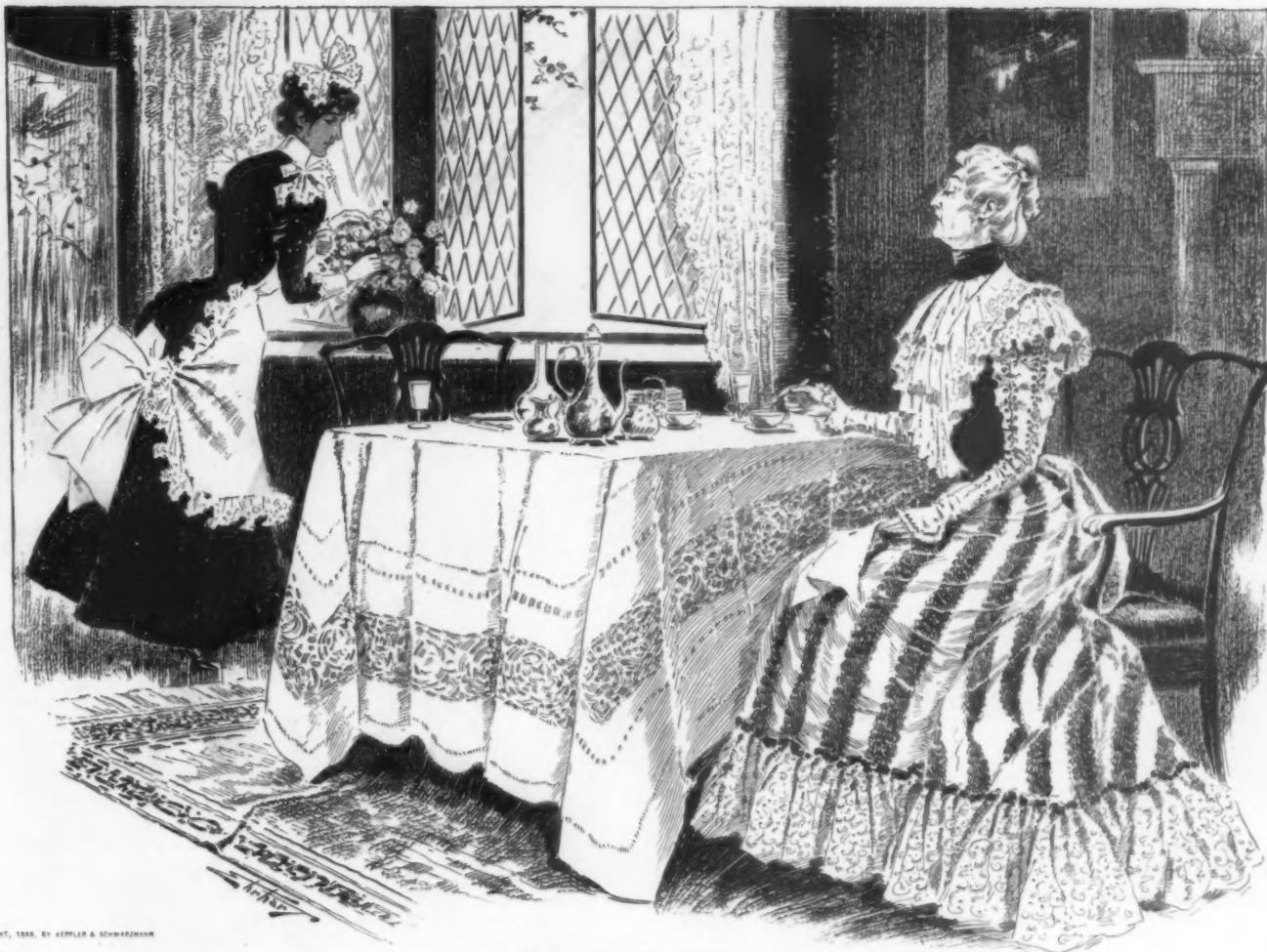
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AN EARNEST PROPHET.

"I told Jones it would rain every day for two weeks, but he laughed at me."

"What did you say to the scoffer?"

"Well, as a guarantee of good faith, I offered to borrow his umbrella!"



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A MANY-SIDED QUESTION.

MISS LONELY.—You ought to be careful, Kitty. Marriage is a serious matter.
THE MAID (who has had a proposal).—Yes, Ma'am; but staying single is a serious matter, too!

LITERARY REFLECTIONS.



LOT OF people were here to-day
Who talked of authors and books. I heard —
Though many writers were praised — none say
Of Oliver Optic a single word.
They gabbled over love-story bosh,
Admired "travels" (just j'ography!),
While some liked poetry — did, by gosh!
But nobody mentioned Mayne Reid but me.

Pa liked a feller named Meredith,
(Must write for those papers he's
always at.)
Enjoyed his wit in its point and pith.
How Pa would holler at Marryat!
The "Love of Somebody" suited Ma.
If love's so bully, why do not she
And Pa keep fooling along that way?
Adventure and battle will do for me.

"Religious novels like Mrs. Ward
Can write, I worship," my aunt began
By books on churches I would be bored,
Though they were written by Castleman.
And so they chattered, of method, style
And incident; but I grieved to see
No one displaying in all that while
Good taste in literature but me.

Layton Brewer.

CONVINCING EVIDENCE.

FRIEND.—That song of yours has become very popular, has n't it?
THE SONG WRITER.—Yes; — I've heard a number of people swearing at it.

WHERE REASON TOTTERS.

HUSBAND.—What! Another hundred-dollar gown? Did n't I tell you that you must keep within your allowance?
WIFE (triumphantly).—You said unless in case of absolute necessity!

WARM PRAISE.

BROWN.—Our minister delivered a really fine temperance lecture Sunday night.
JONES.—Yes; I heard he was quite eloquent.
BROWN.—Eloquent? He was as eloquent as a man's head the next morning.



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STAVING THEM OFF.

MRS. FARMER HOMESPUN.—Goodness me, Josiah! What does that git-up mean?
MR. FARMER HOMESPUN.—Well, I'm agoin' to take a leetle trip to New York; and when them bunko steerers see me with this dude rig on, they'll think I hain't got a red cent, and leave me alone, b'gosh!

WHEN POLLY LEARNS TO SKATE.

"ARE YOU quite sure it is safe?" asked Polly. She stood on the edge of the lake and eyed the broad glare of ice apprehensively.

"Quite," said I; "the man in charge assures me that it is over four inches thick."

"Oh!" shrieked Polly. "Only four inches? And all that horrid cold water underneath! Have they let the water out?"

"No; I understand that the pumps are not working this Winter." Polly viewed me suspiciously, then turned her gaze to the throng on the lake.

"Well, I guess if that woman over there does n't break through, I won't." She indicated a lady of generous proportions who was ungracefully essaying intricate manoeuvres under the guidance of her diminutive spouse. "Though, how any one can call that fun I can't see. Where are my skates?"

I delivered them, and Polly retired to a bench. I followed.

"Oh! please go 'way!" cried Polly. "I'm sure I can put them on."

"I'm sure you can't," said I. "Skates are very delicate things to handle. If they are not put on just so—Will you kindly

allow me a glimpse of at least a portion of your heel? Thank you!—As I was saying,—Polly, if you don't lift your skirt I'll never get this on."

A hysterical giggle from Polly, whose gaze was fixed nervously on an inch of black stocking.

"I once read an account in a paper of a girl who put her own skates on and who neglected to buckle the throat-latch, or clamp the anchor-chains, or something, and who fell on the ice and—"

"And?" asked Polly, breathlessly.

"And had to be picked up by a common, vulgar policeman. Other foot, please."

"Oh!" ejaculated Polly, relieved but disappointed. "Now, what must I do?"

"Walk? I can't! My feet go all under me!" Polly sank on the bench again. "If it's like this on land, what *will* it be on the ice? Can't you—could n't you—"

"Bring the lake to you?"

"Silly! Could n't you take them off and put them on after—"



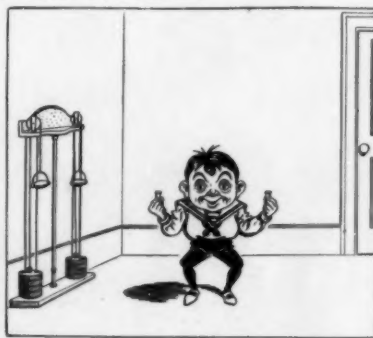
ACCOUNTED FOR.

MRS. HANGEMOUT (*sighing*).—Wondah how dat Mrs. Rubbenscrub can afford to dress de way she does?

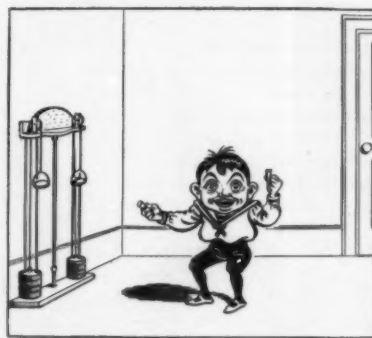
MRS. WASHTUBB (*enviously*).—Why, her husband hab done left her!

"No; neither can I transport you thither in a cable-car. Once more, please!"

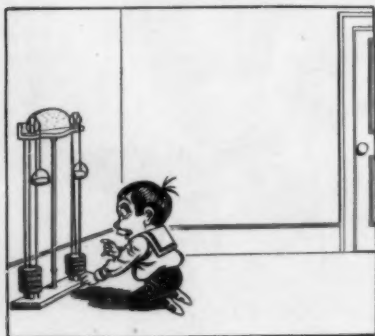
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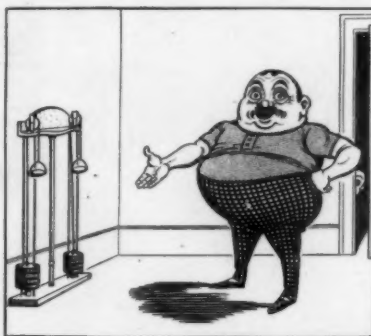
I.
WILLY.—Here, I've found two blank cartridges. How can I have the most fun with them?



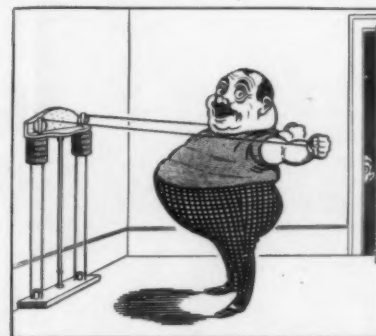
II.
"Golly! There is Uncle Bob's chest-weight machine. I know what I will do; I'll put a cartridge under each weight!"



III.
"There! Now they are fixed. Uncle Bob will never notice them!"



IV.
UNCLE BOB.—Ah! Now for one of the pleasantest fifteen minutes of my day. These chest-weights have made a new man of me. And as for nerves—why, nothing shocks me any more!



V.
"Up she comes! A-a-a-h-h! E-a-a-y!"

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"Bother! It's not my hands that trouble me, it's my feet. There!"

She started abruptly in the direction of the swan house, as abruptly changed her mind and course, shied, — apparently at sight of a girl in a crimson sweater, — bumped me violently in the left side, slid at least twenty feet — and sat down.

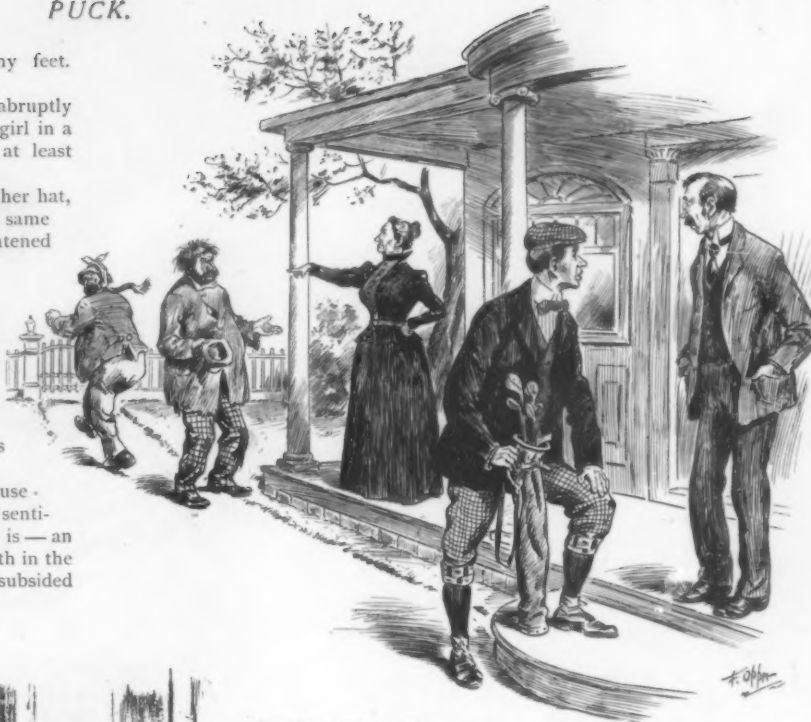
When I reached her she was laughing wildly, and arranging her hat, picking up a hairpin, and smoothing her skirts, at one and the same moment. I joined in the laughter. Instantly Polly's face straightened out, and she eyed me aggrievedly.

"I believe you did that on purpose!"

Ten minutes later we were swinging — I can scarcely make use of the poetical word "gliding" — along quite successfully. The color had deepened on Polly's cheeks, and her share of the conversation had subsided to "Is-n't-it—love-ly!" which interesting query she ejaculated, at short intervals, in what was literally broken English.

After running down an inoffensive small boy, — if one may use the term in connection with any kind of a boy, — disrupting the sentimental converse of a pair of lovers, sending to earth — ice, that is — an obese and prominent clergyman, and, in short, cutting a wide swath in the landscape, we came to a pause in front of a bench, and Polly subsided thereon in a state of mingled beatitude and exhaustion.

"Is n't skating beautiful?"



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A DIFFERENCE IN MEN.

PUTTER.—Someway, I've always been afraid to marry!

HENPECK.—That's strange! Why, I never knew what fear was until after I married!

"Yes, indeed!" I responded, politely; "skating is very nice. Some day, I hope, you will be able to try it."

"What do you mean?" demanded Polly, with all the dignity of five feet two inches. "What have we been doing?"

"Well, just speaking off-hand, I should say we had been breaking engagements, committing infanticide and clergicide, and striking terror to the hearts of the populace generally."

"Nothing of the sort!" declared Polly.

"We've been skating, and we've — at least I've done excellently."

A pause. Then:

"Don't — don't you think so?" she asked, anxiously.

"Well, you certainly did cut some —"

"Now! You're awfully mean, after I tried so hard, and held on so tight," — I was vigorously and unobtrusively working the joints of my right hand, in order to restore circulation, — "and did n't trip once." After a pause, in a burst of veracity: "Well, at least, not often."

"You did very well, Polly. Your attack on the clergy I consider a masterpiece, quite worthy of the Board of Strategy; and —"

"Well, anyhow, I like it; — and I'm coming again real soon — probably to-morrow. And I'm going to learn the 'figure 8,' and the 'spread eagle,' and the 'outer edge,' and the 'backward roll,' and the 'frontward roll,' and — and — oh! everything! And now let's go home."

Richard Stillman Powell.

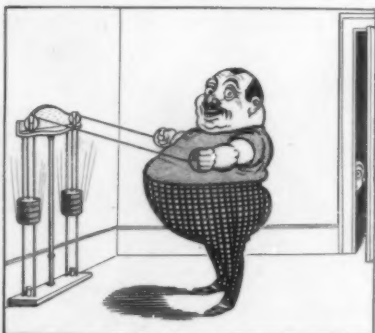


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A MATTER OF DRINKS.

MRS. JUSTWED.—So you saw Jack Bachelor to-day? Did you tell him all about Baby?

MR. JUSTWED.—No, not all; — I only had a dollar with me, so I could only get him to listen four drinks' worth.



VI.

"Down she goes —"



VII.

"— Goes!! **** —? * * *!!"



VIII.

UNCLE BOB (after recovering from the shock). — Willy, dear, will you kindly run down to the drug store and get me a bottle of the strongest nerve tonic, and also step into that athletic supply store and tell them to call and examine this machine; it has exploded.



THE CRY OF THE NOVEL READER.

ALL the words that modern fiction sully,
Is there a word more over-used than "dully?"
She "dully" leans or longs or tears her hair;
He "dully" scowls or prowls or hums an air;
They "dully" face the tug of married life.
A "dully" toiling, moiling man and wife.
It's not alone the word that bores one so,
It is that through it straight the tongue will go,
Instead of stopping, as it should, to dwell,
Adverbially, midway 'twixt "I" and "I."
The average man, thus tempted, calls it dully,
Making it rhyme, as writ above, with sully.
And then there's "quaint" and "dainty," once a pair
Of charming adjectives to soothe dull care.
But now not only maidens may be dainty,
But golf clubs, gas-stoves, bull-pups (ah! now, ain't 'e?)
Cain's way of killing Abel is termed quaint,
And so is anything from pork to paint.
Prythee, ye novelists, put on restraint,
Or, for a change, try quaintly and eke daint!

TOO FREQUENTLY VERIFIED.

"No," began Uncle Silas Scroggs; "I don't put much stock in these here weather prophets. Fer myself, I know that I can never tell to-day whether to-morrow 'll be fair, or whether it 'll rain like a farmers' picnic day."

"You ought ter git a job on the government weather bureau, Si," said the storekeeper, coming around from behind the counter.

"No, I don't pertend to tell by lookin' at the cornhusks if May 's goin' ter come in January, or if there 's goin' ter be snow enough ter track rabbits every day till Spring. If I look at a hog's spleen I don't pertend ter know any more about the weather fer the comin' year than the hog himself did. I can't tell by lookin' at a new moon whether it 'll be cloudy at ten o'clock on the follerin' Tuesday forenoon, or what the minister's text 'll be the follerin' Sunday. I don't think the woodchuck himself keeps well enough posted to know when groundhog day comes. I don't think a circle around the sun is a sign of wet weather any more 'n I believe that a collar round a dude's neck is a sign he's got money. But I do know this much: I have observed that when they have an unusually dry season in Kansas, you can jest wager your last cartwheel that the crime of seventy-three 'll catch particular hades the follerin' year."
W. G. Brooks.

HIS AGONY.

HARRITY.—How d' yez fale now?

McLUBBERTY (with his hands clasped over his abdomen).—Begorra! Oi am in sich pain thot Oi can't do jestice to ut unless Oi can git somebody to help me ache! Thot's how Oi fale!

HIS YEARN.

SELDUM FEDD.—I 'd like to have a reputation as an after-dinner speaker.

SOILED SPOONER.—What for?

SELDUM FEDD.—In order to be a successful after-dinner speaker I 'd have to speak after dinner, would n't I?

MODERN DRAMATIC ART.

THE ACTOR.—How 's business?

THE ACTRESS.—Bad! Two measly face-powder testimonials so far this week.

To the victors belong the spoils, and to the vanquished the privilege of indulging in sarcastic criticism.



A SUGGESTION.

HER HUSBAND.—It's nonsense to send so many missionaries abroad! Don't you think so, George?

GEORGE.—Of course! There's plenty of missionary work to be done at home!

SHE.—True; and some folks who might do it prefer to spend their time criticising the practice of sending missionaries abroad!

ESCAPED PART OF THE TROUBLE.

JONES.—Yes; I've had dyspepsia for ten years, but I have n't said much about it. Very few people know it.

SMITH.—Well, there is n't much sympathy for it.

JONES.—No; and there are so many remedies.

CHOPPING HIM OFF.

BORROWBY.—My dear fellow, can you—

GRIMSHAW.—Borrowby, do you take me for an average?

"An—er—average?"

"Yes; if not, why are you always trying to strike me?"

WOMEN ARE pessimists; men optimists. When a woman feels blue she sits down and has "a good cry." When a man gets in the same condition he goes around the corner and takes a smile.

IN MANY cases, the energy that is wasted in struggling against the inevitable might have prevented it from becoming inevitable.



A MATTER OF TASTE.

ADJUTANT BIRD.—I think you show very bad taste wearing knickerbockers with a dress-coat!

THE SPARROWHAWK.—Not any worse than tights with a cutaway!



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

AS TO OUR GROWTH. **T**O THAT small but respectable group of dissenters standing dismayed by the roadside, as the procession of Imperialism flaunts by, we can suggest but one comforting reflection. It is that the world *does* move; and moves, moreover, in a way of its own; not as we in our great wisdom would have it, but in harmony with a design which we are not permitted to amend even when it has our bitterest disapproval. It is fate, destiny, kismet—the mystery of life. We are as much its sport to-day as the characters in the old Greek tragedies. That is why the procession gayly flings out its banners in brazen defiance of precedent, logic, and of the people who would personally conduct history by means of letters to the newspapers. The objectors may show that Thomas Jefferson was against such performances, or, that where he was not against them he was not Jeffersonian; that the Constitution, where not against them, is unconstitutional, itself; and that we are laying up trouble for ourselves. But the procession moves forward. Of course it is not as flaring and gorgeous and sweeping as the anti-expansionist thinks he sees it to be, but it is there. It is not something we are doing so much as it is something that is being done to us. Viewed as a thing we could not avoid, it is delightfully interesting. And we would rather view it that way than be one of the wayside group and feel that the earth was going to shoot out of its orbit presently, because we were not held to be sound in all matters of judgment.

NAPOLEON THE FIFTH? **F**RANCE is still a puzzle, like a spoiled, capricious, unbalanced woman. The looker-on can not tell why she did what she has done. Still harder would it be to calculate what she is going to do. He can say with certainty no more than that she will be interesting and instructive. For, whatever she does must now be done openly. Thanks to one man she has exposed the innermost secrets of her life; all her failings, intrigues and scandals; and she will have to right things out in the open, while the whole world, looking on, complacently draws morals and points warnings. There can be little doubt that she is now listening for the gallop of the horse that shall have the man on his back, the only rescuer upon which she ever seems to rely with perfect faith. Him she waits for to be rescued—from herself. He always appeals to her heart. Appeals meant for her head are abundant and forceful, but, for good reason, they can not be delivered. Gossip now has it that the man on horseback will prove to be Prince Victor Napoleon. It would be a fine bit of poetic justice; so fine that to condole or to congratulate would be equally impertinent. We could hardly do more than to thank her very politely for being entertaining, and to raise eyebrows among ourselves. As her currents are active we shall probably not be kept waiting long.

CONGRESS THREATENED. **P**UCK has tried his best to wax virtuously indignant over the case of that polygamous Congressman from Utah. But, while he is not incapable of strong feeling in the matter, he confesses to hoping that it will be smoothed over with as little talk as possible. It would be better so than to make a large affair of it. Mr. Brigham H. Roberts, the offending Congressman, is undoubtedly in error as to the law bearing on his case, and we trust that he will see that he is, and try to live the simple, blameless life that other Congressmen live in Washington. He really should not be bigoted and compel Congress to take action against him on high moral grounds, because inevitably, in that event, there are mean people of agile wit who would say things that were better unsaid. The single standard in home-and-fireside matters is too well established in this country for Mr. Roberts to attempt officially to break it down. He should be content that Congressmen and society at large cheerfully accord him as much unofficial latitude as he can possibly desire. The occasion calls only for a little tact upon his part. Society is so tolerant to the spirit of his belief that he need not affront it with the letter. While it has seemed wise to PUCK to touch the subject in this restrained way, he yet wishes to compliment the New York Journal upon its own magnificent outbreak in the cause of morality, excited by this circumstance. To those familiar with the newspaper and the rigid code of its proprietor, it will be apparent that the sacredness of the home and the personal purity of Congress have found a champion able to defend them single-handed against all assailants.



IDENTIFIED.

OMEWHERE IN January space,
One coming on, one going back,
Two hoary Saints met face to face,
Each with a goodly pack.
"And who are you?" "Before you pass
Tell me your name and I'll tell mine."
One said, "I am St. Nicholas,"
And one, "St. Valentine."

IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE GRAND-VIZIER.—There is talk of unseating Congressman-elect Roberts, of Utah, because he is a polygamist.

THE SULTAN.—This is an indirect reflection on me. By the Beard of the Prophet! I feel like sending them an ultimatum!

IN THE SANCTUM.

"We want another quarter-column for first page."

"Well, you can either kill the Emperor of China, again, or relate an anecdote of Dewey."

HE DID N'T MIND.

"You know," said the man who was suggesting difficulties, "the Filipinos are not all one people. There are the Tagals and the—er—u'm—"

"That 's all right!" said the cheerful Expansionist; "all Filipinos look alike to me."

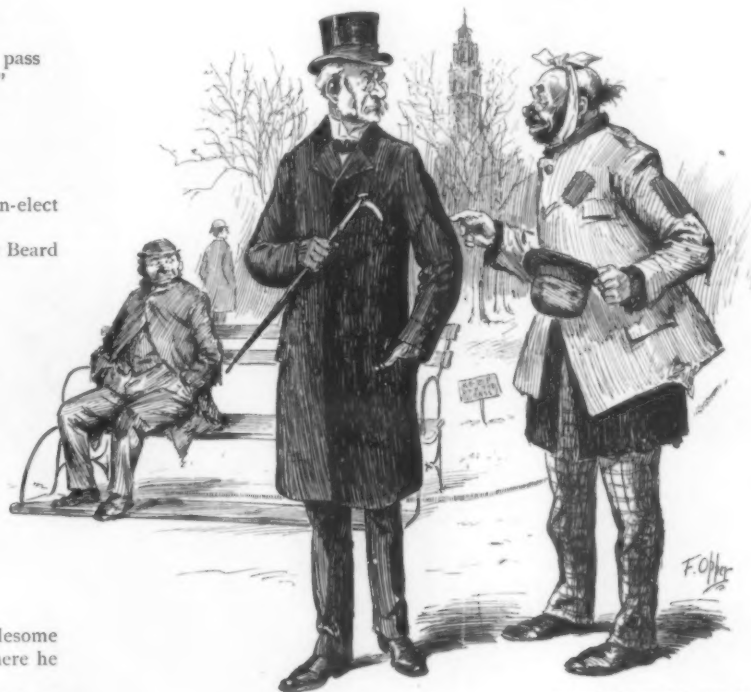
OBLIVION'S HALL.

HICKS.—That fellow, Aguinaldo, is going to be a troublesome character. The government should do something to get him where he would never be heard of again.

WICKS.—Yes; the government should fix it some way so that we could elect him Vice-President in 1900.

A MAN MUST not only have a fractured skull, but a clear and coherent explanation as to how he came to get it, before he is admitted to a New York hospital.

OF COURSE, Speaker Reed is n't going to bow to any inevitable that has n't been reported back from the committee on rules.



A WAR VICTIM.

BEGGAR.—Could you help a poor victim of San Juan?

CITIZEN.—Bosh! You're a victim of rum!

BEGGAR.—Exactly; but I acquired de rum-habit frum being constantly treated after gitting back frum San Juan.



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THE BUGABOO OF THE



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.



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NO ESCAPE.

THE HUNTRESS. — We have been told that there is a hermit living in these woods — a woman-hater!
LOCAL NIMROD. — 'T ain't me, Miss! An' I guess it ain't much use, nowadays, for a woman-hater to take to the woods!



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"GOING INTO A DECLINE."

TOO MUCH OF A TASK.

"How is it that some of your children have no names?" asked the belated traveler of the Kentucky farmer who was entertaining him for the night.
"Well, stranger," replied the mountaineer, "after my fourteenth child was born, I kinder got tired huntin' for names, an' quit. They can name themselves when they gits old enough."

NOT IN HIS POWER.

"The minister has promised to say a few words at the temperance meeting."
"He won't do it, though."
"You don't think he would break his word?"
"Oh! his intentions are all right, but when he gets wound up he does n't know when to stop."

ASKING TOO MUCH.

"Why did Fitz-Ludington-de-Jones break off with the widow?"
"Well — she had n't any style about her; she wanted him to de-hyphenate his name."



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CONFIDENCE.

SHE. — Do yo' t'ink we kin win it?
HE. — Shuah! We 'll win in a walk!

AN EXPLANATION.

LITTLE WILLY. — Papa, what is an old-fashioned patriot?
PAPA. — He is a voter who believes that a man who is popularly called "Honest John" or "Bill," and so on, is really honest.

IN THE GALLERY.

JIMMY. — Say! was n't dat great where he holds de mob at bay?
TOMMY. — Wot's great about it? Don't dem supes know if dey did anyt'ing to him dey 'd git de grand bounce?

WHEN ONE examines into the success of the fortunate, one is often astonished to find that they deserved it.

TRADE NOTES FROM THE "MIDNIGHT MECHANIC."

NO AMOUNT of argument can convince the experienced, honest Confidence Man that any other Knockout Drop will give his customers such general satisfaction as the JOHN L. SULLIVAN KNOCKOUT DROP. He knows that they prefer the JOHN L. to new kinds, of unknown quality. The people want it. Other Drops may taste like the J. L. S., but consumers want the real thing; they may try a new Drop once, but they come back again and again for the JOHN L. KNOCKOUT, and insist on having it.

THE SEVEN SHORT-HAIRED SISTERS' instantaneous dye for the hair and whiskers; can always be depended upon.

A GENTLEMAN OF TACT AND ENERGY can hear of a permanent position that will pay handsomely. Address, "GREEN GOODS," Box 411.

A LITTLE HACKING COUGH often spoils a clean job. Use SIN-SIN for throat ease.

IT IS THE CONCENTRATION OF MIND AND BODY TO A GIVEN PURPOSE that brings about the wear, the tear and waste of nervous force. Such toilers prosper, and in their leisure moments need a pure, tonical stimulant. INSOMNIA CLUB WHISKEY is obtainable where the best whiskies are sold.

BURIAL LOTS FOR SALE. Special inducements to buyers of Private Graveyards. Write for booklet, "Amusing Murders." BAD LANDS' IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, CHICAGO.

THE FIREBUG'S FRIEND conflagration powder. Sure, quick, easy and devastating. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. NOT SOLD IN DEPARTMENT STORES.

UNDER CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES, a heavy calibre West and Smithson may be of more value than your swag. Don't take any chances. Catalogue of desirable weapons for heavy use mailed on application.

THE MIDNIGHT DARK LANTERN is the best searchlight made.

Charles Horace Taylor.

HIS OPINION.

MR. BLACK.—I heerd dat in Chicago dey wuz gwine ter hang a man on s'picion ob bein' a Alderman.

MR. JOHNSON.—Wal, dat 's better 'n in de Souf, whar dey hang a man, sometimes, on s'picion ob bein' a niggah.

ENOUGH.

"It 's getting to be so that a man does n't have to belong to a church to be religious."

"No; — he can belong to the Expansionist party."



THROWING AWAY NO CHANCES.

MRS. ISAACSTEIN.—Fader, Solly is out in der yard, blaying mit a pox of matches!

MR. ISAACSTEIN (angrily).—Tell him to come right in der store, dis minute!

HIS VIEW.

JOHNNY.—All the engines were out, Mama.

MAMA.—And there was no fire?

JOHNNY.—No. I guess those firemen must have been awfully disappointed.

THE SAFER COURSE.

"Perhaps," said Aguinaldo, "we should fight to defend our honor."

"If we are wise," replied an aged and conservative Filipino, "we will defend our honor verbally."

DANGER OF COLLISION.

SAMUEL STUBBLE.—I tell you, the next war we 'll have will be between ourselves.

HENRY HOGLOT.—It will? Think the Mormons is goin' ter rebel?

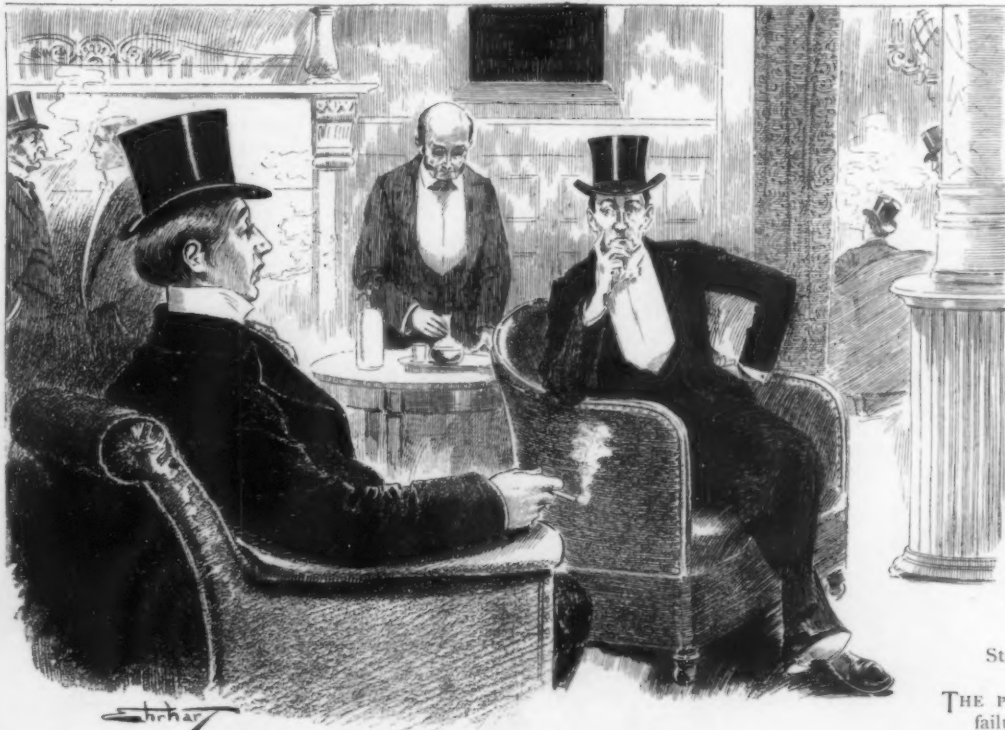
SAMUEL STUBBLE.—No; but here we 've annexed Porto Rico on the east an' the Philippines on the west. You see, we 've started out in each direction. Of course, now we 'll keep up the annexin' business, an' the annexin' business, an' the time 'll come when we 'll hit together somewhere on the other side of the world. Then 's when we 're goin' to have the fracas.



THE PLACE where the United States most needs an "open door" is—the United States.

THE PATH to enduring success is best paved with failures.

THE USE of steel bullets in warfare seems to have had no appreciable effect upon the "pitiless leaden hail" of the rough writers.



COULD N'T APPRECIATE IT.

STOCKSON.—Dobson does n't seem to appreciate his club at all.

BLEEKER.—But the poor chap never had a home, you know.

MRS. CRIMSONBEAK.—Here's a hair on your shoulder, John!

MR. CRIMSONBEAK.—It must be one of yours, dear.

"Mine? Nonsense! This hair is light, and mine is black."

"Oh! well, I guess you frightened it and turned it white, love." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

AN "unsatisfied longing" is usually nothing more than a desire to get something for nothing. — *Atchison Globe*.

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New York SOHMER BUILDING
Warrens, 170 Fifth Ave., Cor. 22d St.

LEARNING MADE EASY.

"I don't know that there is much use of my keeping my school open more than a month or two each year," said the German pedagogue.

"Why is that?"
"Our emperor has simplified matters to such an extent that when you ask the name of the world's greatest poet, painter, musician, general, traveler or monarch, there is only one answer to all the questions." — *Washington Star*.

SHE DID.

"Do you favor an Anglo-American alliance, Miss Scadds?" asked Lord Mudbanks.

"Oh! your lordship," replied Miss Scadds;—"but this is so sudden! Still, you may see Papa." — *Detroit Free Press*.

DILSON.—What's the necessity for bells on bicycles, anyway?


KELSON.—None that I can see; they can run people down just as well without them. — *Roxbury Gazette*.

MORE than half of the men who make money, lose it in middle life, by investing in schemes. Only one scheme in fifty pays expenses. — *Atchison Globe*.

CHW

Beeman's

The
Original
Pepsin
Gum



Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

DUELS between individuals is thought to be foolish and unmanly. Duels between nations will appear so, sometime. — *L. A. W. Bulletin*.

What Are Club Cocktails?



"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indispensable qualities.

Seven Varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, Whisky.

For sale by all first-class dealers.

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THE USUAL EFFECT.

THE HAYSEED.—Our minister seen this show when he was in town.

THE MUSICIAN.—Advised you to go, did he?

THE HAYSEED.—No, he told me to be sure an' keep away from it.

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE.

10 YEARS OLD.



W. M. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

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Pure Tonical Stimulant.

Recommended by
Physicians
and known as the

Choicest Whiskey

For Club, Family
and Medicinal Use.

ATTRACTIVE GARMENTS.

VISITING AUNTY.—Why in the world do you buy such mannish-looking clothes? You surely can't think the things pretty.

LOVELY NIECE.—N-o, Aunty, they're not pretty, and I don't wear them much.

AUNTY.—Then why do you get them?

NIECE.—Oh! it's such a comfort to see them around. — *New York Weekly*.

THE surprising thing about Heaven is that it remains a heaven with so many different women living under the same roof. — *Atchison Globe*.

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MR. NEWMA.—Is it as nice as our baby?

MRS. NEWMA.—Mercy! no, not half!—*New York Weekly.*

YOU never would guess there are "sermons in stones" when a cyclist strikes one of them on a dark highway.—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

Sozodont

FUR THE
TEETH AND BREATH.

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TOUGH.

MRS. STARVUM (*intensely*).—Yes; they talk about boarding-houses! Tell me, I say, what would the country do without boarding-houses?

MR. STARBOARDER (*fruitlessly endeavoring to cut a piece of steak*).—Yes; what would we do without boarding-houses? That is where we get our bone and sinew.

As an extra dry wine there is no superior to Cook's Imperial Champagne. It's a very dry wine with a high flavor.

"He's a jolly good fellow" who recommends and uses only Abbott's—The Original Angostura Bitters—best for digestion, best tonic, best all round.



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Established 1836.

BILL.—Were you at the Prohibition meeting?

JILL.—Yes; I was.

"What in the world do you want to listen to those fellows for?"

"It's cheaper."

"Cheaper?"

"Why, yes; their statements did n't cost me anything, and they made me stagger."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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Cure

WHITE PLAINS, N.Y.

Alcohol,
Opium,
Tobacco
Using

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the KEELEY INSTITUTE, White Plains, N. Y., or 328 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

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Send us the names of any 2 of these men, with a 2c.-stamp to cover postage, and by return mail we will send you a sample cake of Williams' Shaving Soap.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cents. Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cents.
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Williams' Shaving Soap (Barber's), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for toilet.

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BRANCH WAREHOUSE, 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

A FRIENDLY POINTER.

JINKS.—What! You don't mean to say you are engaged to the beautiful Miss De Pink?

BLINKS.—Yes, I do. Got engaged to her last night. This afternoon I am to bring her downtown. She wants to go to an optician's, I believe. New pair of eye-glasses, or something. She is near-sighted, you know.

JINKS.—I say, old fel! Just slip around to that optician's and bribe him not to give her any better glasses than she has.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

GOD takes as much stock in some testimonies as we did in the Madrid war bulletins.—*Ram's Horn.*

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 Eve. Post Bldg.

Too many people are as dishonest as the law allows. — *Atchison Globe.*

DISPROVED.
 "You have been misrepresenting me, sir!" exclaimed Senator Sorghum, indignantly.
 "Not intentionally."
 "Well, you ought to have known better. How dare you say that I am one of those people who want the earth? Ain't I publicly on record about not wanting the Philippines?" — *Washington Star.*

RHEINSTROM BROS. CINCINNATI
Angostura Bark Bitters
 Best of all Cocktail or Tonic Bitters.
 5 Bottle of this is equivalent to a bottle of the best of the others.
 1 Bottle is as good as a bottle 2 of most of the others.
 For sale by all Leading Jobbers and Retailers.

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 OR SAMPLE CASE OF 4 BOTTLES, \$5.00..
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 HISTORY—This Whisky was made in 1852 and 1853, exported in bond to Europe, and after twelve years returned to Louisville Customs Warehouse, where it was found necessary to repack it in glass, owing to the ancient and unsafe condition of the barrels, and which was done by special permit of the United States Treasury and under Government supervision.
 AUG. COLDEWEY & CO., Louisville, Ky.
 Established 1848. Reference: Any Local Bank.

A STRANGE CASE.
YOUNG DOCTOR.—I was just going around to see your brother. How is he this morning?

PATRON.—He is no better.
YOUNG DOCTOR.—What! No better? That is certainly very strange! The prescription I gave him yesterday contained over forty different things.—*New York Weekly.*

"Did you lead your class?"
 "No; but the whole faculty were after me."—*Yale Record.*

VARIABLE SENTIMENT.

"What is your opinion of municipal ownership of the street railways?"
 "Well," answered Senator Sorghum, after much thought, "my opinion on that point depends."
 "On what?"
 "On who happens to be owning the municipality." — *Washington Star.*

JOHNNIE had been helped to the wing of the fowl, and he found it too hot to eat for a while. "Now I know, Pop, why the little chickens always get under their mother's wings; because their wings is so warm." — *Yonkers Statesman.*

A GUN which can fire thirty thousand bullets a minute has been invented in England. Some men could n't hit a rabbit with a gun that fired twice that number of bullets a minute. — *Norristown Herald.*

PIGG.—Say! Why do you call that fellow "Asphyxiate?" That is a peculiar nickname.

PENN.—Because his last name is Gas-kill. — *Princeton Tiger.*



THE REAL TUG-OF-WAR.

DOZENBURY.—Really—now—Livingston, there is n't any brain-work in golf, is there?
LIVINGSTON.—No;—unless you go around trying to make chumps understand why you like it.

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THE SAME OLD STORY.

Despite the arctic atmosphere, By which we are assailed, The ice-man will descend next year About the crop that failed.
 —*Washington Star.*

SHOUTING for national expansion is spread-eagle oratory.—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

For a tonic for nervous and dyspeptic people nothing equals Angostura Bitters. Genuine—*Dr. Siegel's*—imported from South America.

AN INTERESTING EVENT.

BLINKERS.—Why are all those theosophists rushing into that hall?
WINKERS.—A lecturer from the Orient has promised to tell them what theosophy is.—*New York Weekly.*

DON'T quarrel, church folks; don't quarrel. No use setting your dog-ma on your brother's cat-echism.—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

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Joseph Liebig

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— *Atchison Globe.*

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All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

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METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre, never spoils, guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

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C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

"I DEARLY love birds," he gently sighed. And then she did n't do a thing but hasten to the open piano and softly began singing: "I wish I were a bird."

They are looking for a nest now.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A MAN never knows what he can do until he tries; and then he is often sorry he found out.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

TRUE happiness is found in pursuing something; not in catching it.—*Words of Wisdom.*



A SOLEMN PROTEST.

THE MAGISTRATE.—The evidence shows you stole the chickens.
THE PRISONER.—Fo' de Lawd, Judge I did n't! Ef yo' send me to jail dis 'll be anudder Dreyfus case.

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MANAGER.—What's the matter with that man over there in the aisle seat?

USHER.—You mean the one who applauds every few minutes?

"Yes; is he crazy? There's nothing to applaud, the curtain has n't gone up yet."

"No, he's not crazy; he applauds every time a woman comes in and takes her hat off."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

An Ancient Ballad of Doome



GODDE WAZEN y^e Literarie Manne
y^e mayde y^e Millionaire
To Mixe them upp was not His Plann
(Grete Gunnes! wolde that it were!)

It happed y^e Literarie Manne
(Y^e One y^e firste was mayde)
Got hard upp, to y^e Devil ran,
W^{ch} then Pawnbroker playde.

"I'd hocke my Shadowe, Sir," He sayde;
"I have naught else to hocke."
Y^e Devil did as he was prayde,
Then gave y^e Manne a shocke.

"If shadoweless, whye it were true,
Good folke wolde wonder Sore—
I'll loane a speciale one to you,
Yclept y^e Creditore."

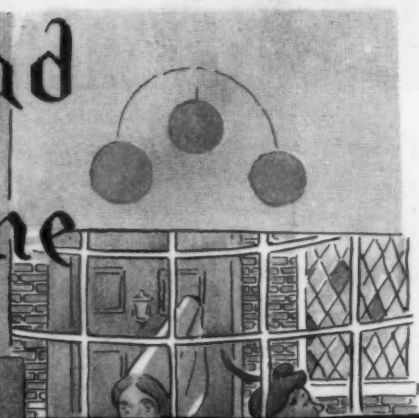
Y^e Literarie Manne He wente,
Y^e Creditore behind;
And when sometime His Course He bent,
Y^e Thingge in Front He'd find.

Eftsoon He wrote a goodlie Rime
W^{ch} a Soape Manne did buy;
So got His Shadowe backe in time—
Y^e Devil then did crye:

"Keep y^e! keep y^e y^e Creditore!
I will notte have Him backe!"
And when y^e Manne went out y^e Doore,
Y^e Thingge still kept His Tracke.

"Oh! go t^e y^e Devil!" he did aye,
And cussed y^e Thingge full Sore;
But, still, it hauntes Him Night and Daie,
And will forevermore!

Edward Richert.



G. L. Taylor